

The Hardest Mutha Fuckaz

Kurupt

Yo Fredwreck turn this motha fucker up man
So it can fuck with my eardrums a lil' bit

Some try to repeat my flow
Others neva try cuz they know
I told ya that the game don't wait
I'm so tight that I can wait for the game
Just about as tight can be
That's why you never see 'em fuckin with me
Get ya chance to bow out gracefully
You standin face to face with defeat

If you feel me say Nate (Nate!)
He be, the tightest mutha fucka in here
Dogg Pound Gangsta Gang
We be, the hardest mutha fuckaz in here
Some things never change
We be, the hardest mutha fuckaz in here
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Bring yo bitch ass in, close the door
Now you wanna run and fetch me a ho
Motha fucka tell yo mama tip-toe
When she pass my door
Kurupt, got this bitch about to toss this ho
And when we makin the nigga shit
Always makin the killin
I be hearin you bitches, there go the villain
Mad cuz your revenue stopped from drug dealin
Mad at me cuz I'm makin shit them thug's feelin
Hold my dick nigga spit that verse
The hardest mutha fucka nigga love to curse
It get worse, once the vill' start to smoke
And this legendary dick start to soak in your throat
My nigga Young Gotti 'bout to pull your coat
Who are you bitch, you mutha fuckaz never exist

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So what you know about this West Coast monopoly
Enough animosity, to tear down democracy
Anarchy, you wanna analyze and copy me
But mutha fuck that stay off my god damn property
Xzibit burn a couple ounces of that broccoli
Step into the function make the crowd bounce properly
Yeah I know about your little shit talkin mockery
Tryin to see and pour 6 feet of gravel on top of me
And all my playaz go to wakes so the next nigga can take my place
And try to invade my space

Make enemies search for God like Ma\$e (Yeah)
You should avoid catchin 2 to the face, so I can avoid catchin a case
You're just another mutha fuckin rat in a race
I explode and expose to this multi-platinum fan base
Never seen before I kick in your door
Ain't no time to run for them guns, just get on the floor

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Yeah, a penny for your thoughts in a hour glass of time
Surround sound beats for the Dogg Pound jeeps
Jump the volts up in each single switch
Stick somethin fat up in each single bitch

Bombshell, and for every dick apiece
That ain't from the hood driftin get 5 shells each
Split bustaz, no bustaz allowed
No punk motha fuckaz allowed, loosen the crowd
Dogg Pound say it loud (Dogg Pound!)
Scream it at the top of your lungs
Tell these niggaz where we from
Say Kurupt...Kurupt (Kurupt!)
Yeah nigga the hardest mutha fucka in here
I like Hennessy and beer...
Remy, gin and juice, the killa, and grapefruit...
Chocolate thai, indigo sticks, and a thick bitch
Down and out, nah I'm up and in
Down at the Dogg House with Dre, Cube, & Ren

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